

P O E M S

BY

A LITERARY SOCIETY;

COMPREHENDING

ORIGINAL PIECES

IN THE

SEVERAL WALKS OF POETRY.

"Parts, answering parts, shall slide into a whole." POPE.

L O N D O N,

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MDCCLXXXIV.



Prefatory ADVERTISEMENT.

AMIDST the numerous productions of an age in which criticism, and a refined taste for POETRY, shine forth in the zenith of Attic perfection, it were ardently to be wished that some plan should be cherished which might form a receptacle for such Fugitive Pieces, as, being of length too inconsiderable to swell to a separate volume, might otherwise be retarded till the accumulated works of their authors might be sufficient

vi ADVERTISEMENT.

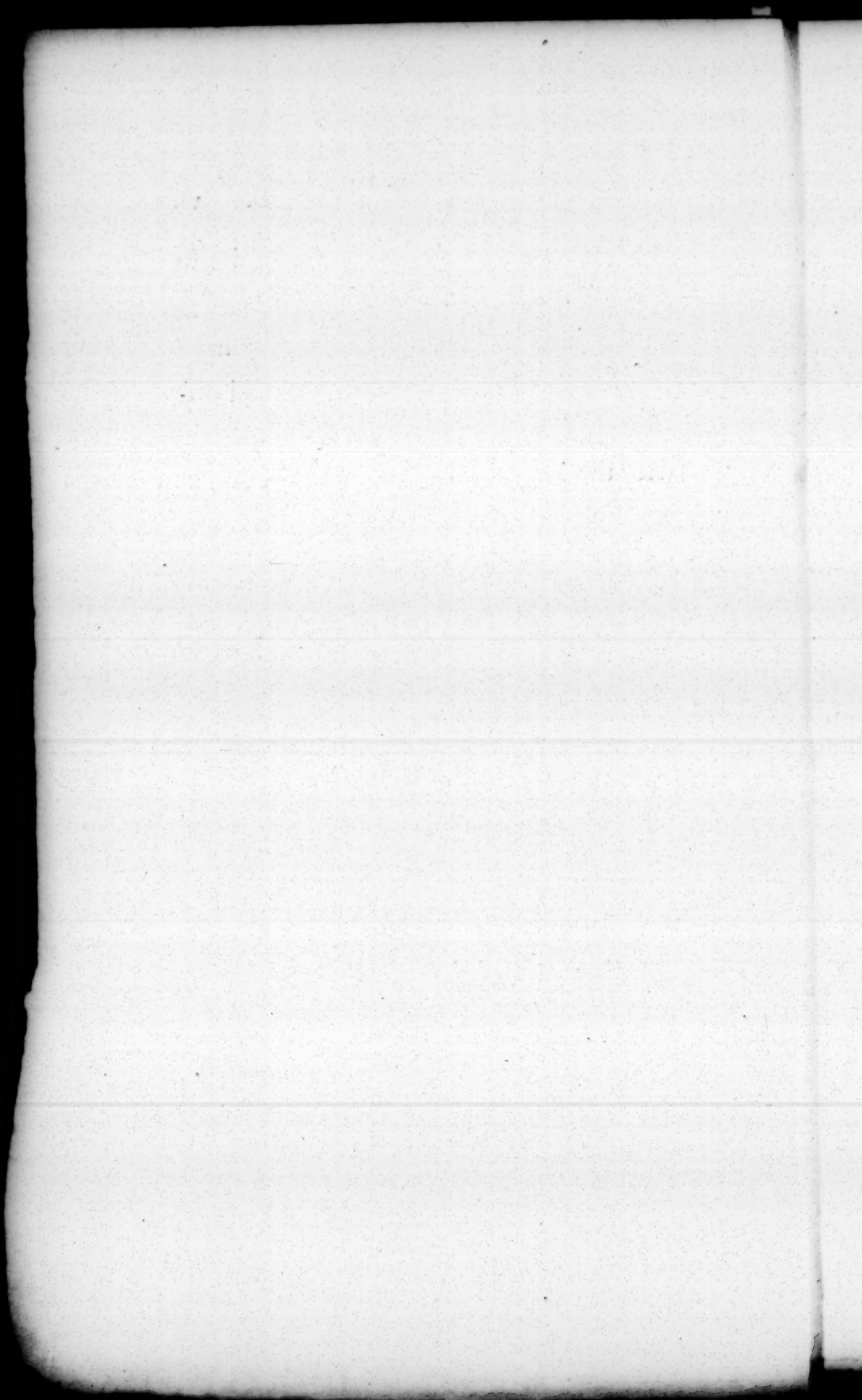
ficient to form a distinct publication ; many of whom being engaged in pursuits, perhaps, very uncongenial to Poetry, or from modesty, or various other motives, might never arrive to such a communication of their effusions ; and, deeming them superior to the trivial and worthless pieces exhibited in the generality of Magazines, might, with some reluctance, consign them to unmerited oblivion ; and hence we may be bold to say, that many a beautiful Ode, and many an exquisite Jeu d'Esprit, have been lost to the public. With a view to remedy this mortifying inefficiency, THE COUNCIL OF PARNASSUS have received their institution, a Society who hold frequent meetings to select and criticise their mutual Essays : In their list of members they are ambitious

ADVERTISEMENT. vii

to enroll characters eminent for abilities in the several Walks of Poetry.

On the judgement with which they have executed their plan, they leave a candid discriminating Public to decide, and upon their sentence the longevity and uniformity of their Miscellany will depend.

ODE



ODE TO GENIUS.

DESCEND awhile, cœlestial Maid !
 GENIUS, who lead'st the tuneful choir ;
 Descend ! my inmost soul pervade,
 And with poetic warmth inspire.

I ask no Muse's feeble art,
 No draught from fam'd CASTALIA's stream,
 No fire that PHOEBUS' beams impart,
 To raise sublime the glowing theme.

Thine is the source, cœlestial Maid !
 Thine the sublime poetic flame ;
 And they who ask the Muse's aid,
 Invoke thee by a borrow'd name.

I see around thy throne supreme
 Each Bard with zealous transport glow,
 Enraptur'd catch a vivid gleam
 Whence rays of inspiration flow.

B

There

There tow'ring o'er the vulgar throng,
See MILTON sweep the awful lyre ;
Raise with bold voice the daring song,
And join the bright angelic choir.

There too with wide excursive range
THOMSON awake descriptive lay,
And through the Seasons as they change
The graces of the God display.

And see amidst the varied scene
The laughter-loving train appear,
These BUTLER leads with frolic mien,
And SWIFT with stern sarcastic leer.

'Tis theirs with satire's potent dart,
Pointed with humour's keenest steel,
Through falsehood's shield to pierce the heart,
And curb mock virtue's crabbed zeal.

But haste, the votive wreath entwine,
See POPE that magic circle trace !
Each choicer evergreen combine,
With nicest art his brows to grace.

At his approach, see dulness' band
 With slow and languid steps retire ;
 Reluctant quit the smiling land,
 And yield to his satiric fire.

But hark ! what plaintive notes of love
 Are echoed thro' the yielding air !
 Now the warm soul to transport move,
 Now wake to pangs of tender care.

'Tis WALLER's, SHENSTONE's gentle strain
 That swells the vocal reed to love ;
 Soft as the Zephyrs sweep the plain,
 Or sportive kifs the vernal grove.

These are thy boast, bright power of verse !
 Nor these alone thy rays illumine :
 Why then their full-blown fame rehearse,
 When fresher buds so sweetly bloom ?

See where advance the classic train,
 Sublime, pathetic, soft, and gay :
 HAYLEY and PYE with vig'rous strain,
 Tune to soft peace the lofty lay.

Fair SEWARD's sympathetic woe,
 MASON confest thy elder child,
 WARTON inspir'd with fancy's glow,
 And comic ANSTEY laughing wild.

Welcome, great bards, so dear to song,
 With pure, energetic ardour fir'd;
 Still may that power unfaded, strong,
 Preserve the fame it first inspir'd.

And thou, fair queen, thy lustre shed;
 Direct benign our ardent train
 Thro' novelty's gay path to tread,
 And reap the rich luxuriant plain.

Whether where SPENSER lightly trod,
 To trace the path with plaintive sigh—
 Or bathe with many a tear the sod,
 Where SHAKSPEARE's hallow'd relics lie—

Or as the streams impetuous roll
 Of lofty DRYDEN's copious lay,
 In the clear mirror of his soul
 The image of thyself survey—

OF,

Or, with indignant grief, attend
Sad CHATTERTON's neglected grave ;
Lament that not one pitying friend
From Penury's rude hand would save.

Hither awhile thy footsteps bend,
Be thou our bright aspiring guide ;
Thy radiant influence deign to lend,
And o'er the vent'rous song preside.

With rapt'rous hand awake the lyre,
Thy youthful sons propitious lead ;
Teach them with rival hope t' aspire,
And, emulous of praise, succeed.

So shall applause repay the toil,
Whate'er the theme invites the bard ;
Candour approve with chearful smile,
And judgement give the bright award.

W. V. M.

The SOURCE of INSPIRATION.

" The Dreams of PINDUS and th' AONIAN Maids

" Delight no more.——"

POP. E.

A POLLO! God of ardent song,
 Of florid wit, of judgement strong;
 Bright source, that canst at once inspire
 Solar and intellectual fire;—
 And you, benign, poetic maids,
 That haunt AONIA's mossy shades,
 That o'er VENUSIAN pastures stray,
 Or pass on MANTUA's plains the day;
 Where'er your sacred footsteps rove.
 C'er PINDUS' hill, or UMBRIA's grove;
 Or if, on BRITAIN's favour'd shore,
 AVONIA's margin you explore;
 Awhile forsake those blest abodes,
 Awhile forsake your kindred gods;
 Devote of your eternal days
 Awhile to lovely MIRA's praise;
 Haste, haste away, nor idly sip
 Chimeric fount of AGANIPP.
 Her azure eyes, that sparkling glow,
 Shall fire abundantly below;

Her

Her accents, void of pedant art,
 OVIDIAN softness shall impart;
 Her form instruct your polish'd verse
 Correcter beauties to rehearse;
 Her soul, where ev'ry grace refin'd
 Revels in dang'rous league combin'd,
 With all that's soft, and all that's gay,
 Shall fire your tributary lay;
 Each feature inspiration bring
 To those who teach the world to sing.—
 Haste, then, sweet powers! nor idly sip
 Chimeric fount of AGANIPP.—

Alas! the invocation's vain,
 No heat rewards the pompous strain;
 Ah! whence these periods, void of glow?
 With sullen zeal the numbers flow,
 Her name, which should inspire my song,
 Dies in cold languor on my tongue.
 But thou, dear object of my rhyme,
 Forgive th' involuntary crime;
 Forgive that, at thy much-lov'd name,
 Dark rises the poetic flame!
 Ah! whence the cause, ye Muses, say,
 Why thus unheated creeps my lay?—
 Does some accurs'd infernal power
 With wayward staff controul the hour?—

No, no, full well I read the cause—
Fly then, dull brood of pedant laws ;
Fly then, ye vile Pierian band,
No more the formal lay demand ;
Leave to the brave, the fair, the young,
The undivided right of song ;
No more your fetters shall confine
The lofty bard's unshackled line ;
No more your hackney'd claims restrain
The warmth of fancy's fiery vein ;
The cause no longer I pursue,
Conviction opens to my view :
I scorn from vulgar springs to raise
The stores of my peculiar lays ;
Frown not, my fair, though I aspire
To trace my inspiration higher,
And, scorning such pedantic law,
From thy first source my fancy draw.

T. P * * * *

O D E.

O D E.

ENCHANTRESS bright! whose magic power
The Muses and the Loves befriends,
And gilds with bliss their ev'ry hour,
Fancy! to thee my prayer ascends.

The blaze of noon thy power can shade,
Or night's obscurest clouds illumine;
Before thy rod the roses fade,
And pallid vale-flowers wear their bloom.

Fade then on EMMA's cheek the rose,
The blaze of EMMA's eyes obscure;
Their fires in ANNA's eyes disclose,
In ANNA bid the roses lure.

For EMMA wins me by her charms,
But spurns with scorn my fond embrace;
While ANNA courts me to her arms,
But ah! I sicken at her face.

W. B. P.

M O N O D Y

On the Death of a young Lady.

BE mute, ye airy warblers, while I rove!
 Wake not my passion by your notes of love—
 STELLA is fled— be mute, my lyre— thy strain
 Soothes with the semblance of her voice in vain—
 Recall not blisses lost— no more she sings—
 'Tis pain to strike thy solitary strings.—
 Break, break, my lyre—and would my stubborn heart
 Could also break, nor thus from STELLA part!
 Stretch'd on the bed of death, without a sigh,
 These eyes beheld the lovely STELLA lye;
 Weak were her limbs, and pallid was her face,
 Yet Love might charms in every feature trace;
 Her eyes half-clos'd still shone with lambent fire—
 Ah! would the flame they caus'd with them expire!
 Weak on the yielding down her head was laid;
 Cœlestial hope in every feature play'd:
 She press'd religion closer to her breast,
 Which sooth'd her mind (angelic maid!) to rest:

“ Take

“ Take me,” she cied, “ oh ! Thou, who rul’st on high,
“ Who taught to live, ah ! teach me how to die !”
She wav’d her snowy hand, and sigh’d “ adieu ;
“ I die,” she cried, “ but die, oh ! STREPHON, true.”
Fainting she spoke, then sinking on her bed,
Droop’d her rais’d hand, and bow’d her beauteous head ;
Languid she rais’d her dying eyes, and sigh’d ;
Gave a last struggle, and in silence died.

A. P.

The

The SUMMER'S DAY.

"That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
 "But sloop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song."

POPE.

AWAKE, my love, the village spire
 Reflects AURORA's purple fire;
 The lark has hymn'd his matin lay,
 Arise, my love, and crown the day;
 Attuning, with the genial choir,
 The song which Nature's laws inspire.
 Along the lawn, or through the grove,
 The universal theme is Love:
 See with what kind officious care
 Each swain attends his fav'rite fair,
 Her cackling train betimes to feed,
 Or bear the milk-pail o'er the mead;
 And see with what a generous smile
 Each nymph rewards her shepherd's toil.,
 To genuine passion, dearer far
 Than CHLOE's gems, or FLORIO's star.
 Now brighter azure tints the skies,
 And fairer landscapes round us rise,
 The sun has kiss'd each tear away,
 That bath'd the cheek of infant day:

And

And every creature, fruit, and flower,
Exulting own the genial hour.
Her misty veil is thrown aside,
And Nature beams in all her pride :
Srener smiles the woodland steep,
A whiter fleece adorns the sheep,
That, playful skipping here and there,
With echoed bleats salute our ear,
And, where the valley winds away,
To fields of fresher verdure stray.

By turns, with hasty steps and flow,
His fatchel swinging to and fro,
The truant winds his weary way,
As butterflies invite astray ;
Why will you loiter, little fool ? —
Ye more mature of virtue's school,
Why will ye waste the precious hour
Alone subjected to your power ?
Know ye, the pleasures that invite
Are only magick on the sight ;
Know ye the moments fly apace,
And pain attends, and dire disgrace ?

But lo ! ethereal heat furrounds,
And dances o'er the distant grounds :
To cooler shades the cattle hie,
To shun the warmth-engender'd fly,

That

That still in native warmth invades,
 But seldom seeks the cooler shades.
 'Tis thus a swarm of venal friends
 In fortune's sunny path attends,
 Nor ever quit the shining way,
 Where'er the fickle goddess stray:
 Content in Virtue's poor abode,
 We never sought life's sunny road,
 So let us shun this mid-day beam,
 Beneath the bower, beside the stream,
 And talk away the sultry hour,
 Of Fortune's gifts nor wish for more;
 Enough to spend, and some to spare
 For those whose wants demand our care;
 More would but sour the sweets of life,
 And wake the passions into strife;
 The same fair sun that nurtures here,
 Spreads AFRIC deserts dead and drear,
 The breeze that here but curls the flood,
 At GREENLAND freezes up the blood.

Be ours the little task of life,
 From all around to banish strife;
 To wipe away the starting tear,
 Nor let one sigh assail our ear,
 To ease the pallied arm of toil,
 And bid athletic labour smile:

Tenacious

Tenacious of the virgin laws,
To plead the bashful lover's cause ;
But oh ! forbid, indulgent power,
In youth and love's too fervent hour,
Should STREPHON tell an artful tale,
And should the sacred bulwark fail,
One moment, SYLVIA, step astray,
And Love the hallow'd theme away,
Forbid stern justice to pursue,
For who can love and reason too ?
Or who can tell the woes that pour
Successive from that fatal hour ?
Who but the drooping fair can tell,
Whom fate has doom'd to love too well ?
Be ours to bring each wandering dame
Again to confidence and fame ;
So shall ingenuous tears be shed
Where fate decrees our deathful bed,
So be that moment's flitting scene
Like this fair evening view serene :
For see, my fair, the jocund fun
Has scarce a little hour to run,
While on these roseate banks we lay
On Love's light pinions flew the day ;
A crimson tint illumes the wood,
And purple beams the distant flood,

Till

'Till all in misty eddies lost
It opens on the whiten'd coast ;
Oblique the village smoke ascends,
The bat her dusky circuit bends,
Whilst homeward hies the weary swain,
And drags behind a shadowy train ;
The herd along the dewy mead
In one slow winding pace succeed,
The dews fall damp, the Zephyr dies,
And Night and Silence rule the skies.

S. C*****

SCIENCE.

S C I E N C E.

ERE yet the morn of SCIENCE rose on earth,
 And blest'd rejoicing nations with its birth,
 Say, what was man? to kindred brutes a prey,
 Himself as ignorant, as fierce as they;
 Joyless he rov'd along the dreary waste,
 Nor plann'd the future, nor revolv'd the past;
 His scanty views the present want engross'd,
 To wisdom, reason, and reflection lost,
 In sordid cares he pass'd a gloomy day,
 Or rush'd where need and rapine led the way;
 But when this bounty of auspicious heav'n,
 To bless the world, and polish man, was giv'n;
 Soon clouded reason shone with piercing ray,
 Soon bow'd the passions to her gentle sway;
 Soon in his breast the mighty change was wrought,
 In quick progression thought succeeding thought.
 Then first his native dignity he felt,
 And then at others woes began to melt;
 Knowledge her ample stores before him spread,
 And beam'd her brightest influence round his head,
 By swift degrees enlarg'd his opening mind,
 His heart she soften'd, and his soul refin'd;
 Taught him to smooth life's rugged, thorny road,
 And lent her hand to raise him to his God.

W. D.

C

THE

THE CREDULOUS.

"Che le cose del ciel sol colui vede

"Chi ferra gli occhi, e crede.—"

AS education smooth'd the way,
 (A path that could not lead astray)
 To follow truth thro' every maze,
 And on her charms dismantled gaze,
 Did science model CREDO's mind,
 By all that's fair, and all refin'd;
 And yet he feels a thought suggest
 That not to follow her were best:
 For CREDO sees with mortal eye
 The way of virtue rugged lie;
 The paths of piety and truth,
 By much too dull a way for youth;
 And CREDO loves an oath—his glass—
 The dice-box—and a pretty lass—
 As few want arguments to prove
 The justice of a cause they love,
 So CREDO piously concludes
 Who sees too much too much intrudes,

Too

Too near on prescience encroaches—
Too near the Deity approaches—
And marks it down as rankest treason
That *carnal man* should use his reason,
And gravely adds, indulgent heav'n
Loves most where most may be forgiven.
So CREDO shuts out reason's ray—
For faith directs a nearer way ;
And whores, and games, and drinks, and swears,
Still trusting heav'n to pay arrears.

J. B.

TO DELIA.

"Scribere jussit Amor."

OVID.

I.

NO more the feather'd warblers rove
 In amorous play from grove to grove ;
 No more the listening day prolongs
 His wonted course to hear their songs.

II.

No more the meads enchant our sight,
 Or blushing paint the morning light ;
 Cold winter now resumes his reign,
 And strips the flower-enamel'd plain.

III.

Though, DELIA, so your beauties shine
 Each accent and each look divine ;
 Alas ! remember winter's near,
 When all those charms must disappear.

IV.

The renovating power of day
 Again may spread his genial ray ;
 Flowers may revive, the spring return,
 And with new beauties paint the morn.

V.

But ah, when time's still rolling flood
Shall drown the heat of vernal blood,
Those dazzling eyes shall dim their fire,
And youth and beauty both expire.

VI.

Nor shall the sun's enlivening ray
Restore their radiance to the day.—
Ah! DELIA, though they beam so bright,
They soon must set in lasting night.

VII.

Be wise, improve the present hour,
The future moment mocks your power.—
True genuine Love's a sacred fire,
Angelic minds can rise no higher.

R. H.

THE WISH.

GIVE me in some sequester'd grove,
Beside the rural nymph I love,
To urge the daily toil ;
At ev'ning with the sun retire,
And rear our little cottage fire,
And see our children smile.

With such an one, when tempests roar,
And lash the wild waves to the shore,
How sweet to sit the night ;
To hear its utmost rage descend,
The roof resound, the forest rend,
And shield her from affright.

To sit and sympathize with those,
To wish an end to all their woes,
Less happy far than we,
Without a meal, without a bed,
Without a covering for the head,
Or where on earth to flee.

Still

Still may our hospitable door,
On such a night, at any hour,
Admit the wretch forlorn—
Admit him to the warmest seat,
Admit him to the smoking treat,
And shield him 'till the morn.

So be our mattin thanks inclin'd
To him the Power that made us kind—
For what are we alone?
A crew on Error's ocean tost,
And but for aid superior lost,
Presumptuous in our own.

And give us, in that awful day,
When time shall sweep the worlds away,
To meet the throne of grace—
Without a doubt, without a fear,
To stand and see, to stand and hear,
Our Maker face to face.

S. C.-----

INSCRIPTION for a HERMITAGE.

By a LADY.

COME, Nature's children, ye who love, like me,
The peaceful dwellings of simplicity ;
Who court the woodland solitude, and know
The sweets that from divine reflection flow ;
Come, share the counsels of my aged breast,
Come, taste with me the sweets of rural rest ;
And ye whom grosser pleasures more invite,
Whom feast, and song, and midnight dance delight,
Ah ! pause awhile 'midst pleasure's wild career,
'The voice of reason, of experience hear ;
Believe not all is joy that bears the name,
Believe not pleasure and excess the same ;
Disgust and disappointment still await
'The numerous wishes luxuries create,
While he who little wants, can greatly rise
Above their pleasures, and their thin disguise.

When smiles the spring, and every vernal hour
Gives birth to some fresh herb, or painted flower,
From yonder mead my sweet repast I bring,
And draw my bev'rage from yon healthful spring ;

When

When winter bites, the frugal squirrel's hoard
Of clustring filberts crowns my simple board ;
Dry'd leaves and rushes form my artless bed,
And fragrant moss supports my careless head.
No tyrant passions rule my peaceful breast ;
No hoarded treasures break my needful rest.
Let not thy cares, to vulgar sense confin'd,
Leave bare and unimprov'd th' immortal mind ;
Read Nature's ever new and open page,
'Till higher views thy rising soul engage :
Fair solitude thy weak resolves shall aid,
To wisdom's bright abodes thy steps shall lead ;
Her paths where trac'd with care are smooth and plain,
For ne'er was heavenly wisdom sought in vain.

H.

The

The SOCIAL FIRE.

A MATRIMONIAL SONG.

I.

FROM pastoral scenes, and rural love,
 The pipe, the reed, the cooing dove,
 The sunny hill, the woodbine's shade,
 The winding brook, the opening glade,
 With softest verse my muse inspire
 To celebrate my social fire.

II.

Let poets feign in hidden grove
 DIANA, or the queen of Love,
 With Cupids sporting in the air,
 Attendant on the royal fair;
 A sweeter theme awakes my lyre,
 To celebrate my social fire.

III.

See the dear girl, o'er all the fair
 My choice and my peculiar care;
 I bless the day she join'd her hand
 With mine in happy wedlock's band;
 And, listening to my fond desire,
 She deign'd to grace my social fire.

IV.

Dear pledge of love, our mutual joy,
See here a little smiling boy,
Sweet tender bud of manly grace,
Soft, yet expressive is that face;
With honest zeal, my Muse, aspire
To celebrate my social fire.

V

Ye lovely nymphs, and jovial swains,
That grace our ALBION's happy plains,
Direct your choice where you approve,
And dare be honest in your love;
If truth your tender vows inspire,
You'll always love your social fire.

A. P----

Miss

Miss DIANA TOOTHLESS's Petition

(In the manner of S W I F T).

To the Right Reverend my LORDS the BISHOPS.

The humble petition of Miss Diana Toothless, Spinster,
who can never go to Church again, if it's carried
against her,

Humbly sheweth,

THAT I your petitioner am a maiden but fifty
years old last July,
Though some ill-natur'd folks say I'm as near threescore
truly;
And that last Sunday morning early, when some folks
were a-bed,
I got up, and put on my best gown and apron, and
dress'd my head;
And as soon as I had got on my clean mittens, and my
silk cloak and hat,
Plac'd my lap-dog under my arm, and took leave of my
cat;

And

And after I had been some time in the pew, when the
Parson began,
I took my prayer book out of its case, and opened my
fan;
And while the Pſalms were reading, as I juſt glanc'd
round me,
For fear ſome of the fellows ſhould be ſtaring at me,
and confound me;
Who ſhould I ſee to be ſure but captain SASH, and
with him colonel FRIBBLE,
And Mr. SPARKLE one of your Temple bucks, and the
young Poet as they call him, Mr. SCRIBBLE,
Who is always writing ſome what d'ye call 'em Ode, or
filthy Love Sonnet,
To his DELIAS, and his *creturs*—(oh! how I hate to
think upon it!
For except STERNHOLD and HOPKINS with their
Pſalms, I'd have you to know it,
I am ready to faint at the very name and mention of
a Poet).
And there the creatures fat titt'ring, and looking at me,
and whiſp'ring to one another,
And then ogling round the church, and nodding, and
making ſuch a pother;
I *purteſt* I thought I ſhould have fainted with rage; ſo
I turn'd my head t'other way,
(Not that I car'd the value of a braſs pocket piece what
they might ſay,

But

But only to show how I hated and despis'd the vile *perfidious* creatures),

And there in the next pew I saw Miss KITTY ROSEBUD
with her delicate features ;

Who is so vastly admir'd by all the fellows; tho' she
has not much cause for so many airs—

For, as far as I hear, her father had better look sharp
after his affairs—

And there too in the same pew I saw the two Miss
DIMPLES sitting together,

Miss LAURA the eldest, with her flounc'd apron, and
fine hat and feather,

And her sister Miss POLLY with her curious white
dimity jacket—

Well, thought I to myself, no wonder the fellows
make such a racket ;

Time was when young women went to church decent
and solemn,

But now they make themselves almost as bad as the
young sparks, as they call 'em.

If girls will encourage them, truly, let them look to
their own fame,

Tho' I vow and declare 'tis a downright public shame.

But this is not the worst—for there while Mr. SPIN-
TEXT was preaching with so much piety,

About modesty and shamefacedness, and young women's
behaving with propriety,

They

They sat grinning and laughing together, and making
 their vile grimaces,
 And then mocking the good man, and screwing up
 their hypocritical faces ;
 I own I was quite shock'd to see 'em—but at last the
 church was over ;
 So then, thank God, I began to hope I should recover.
 But as ill luck would have it, as I walk'd down the aisle,
 just before,
 The Colonel and Mr. SPARKLE were handing the Miss
 DIMPLES to the door ;
 So I brush'd by 'em in a hurry, and as I put on a dis-
 dainful frown,
 The creatures burst into a downright laugh—Lord ! I
 thought I should have fell into a swoon !
 To be abus'd, insulted, and treated in a manner so
 unruly,
 And all because I would not suffer 'em to take such li-
 berties with *me* truly !
 However I pluck'd up my spirits, and walk'd home as
 calm as I could,
 Resolving to be reveng'd somehow for their behaving
 so rude.
 So I drank my tea, and sat all the evening by the fire-
 side,
 And scarce slept a wink all night, for thinking how I
 might mortify their pride—

And

And the next morning I set out to call upon Mr. SPIN-
TEXT, our curate—

Who, thought I, being a Parson, to be sure will never
endure it—

So I went up to the door, and knock'd gently, and
when my name was sent,

Mr. SPINTEXT being at home, as his little boy said, in
I went ;

And when I had explain'd my business to him, and
ask'd his assistance in the affair ;

“ Miss,” says he, (drawing a little nearer to the fire in
his elbow chair),

“ Tho’ I have the highest esteem for you, and all my
“ worthy parishioners,

“ And should be heartily glad to oblige all such pious
“ and devout petitioners—

“ And, moreover, being myself highly vexed in spirit
“ at the injury you mention,

“ And likewise much offended at their scandalous inat-
“ tention,

“ Yet, God knows, I am but a poor insignificant crea-
“ ture,

“ And no more minded by my Parish-brethren than our
“ clerk PETER—

“ And, beside this, I furthermore perceive another very
“ potent objection ;

“ For our rector (and, you know, as in duty bound, I
“ must act according to his direction)

“ Ha!

“ Has a daughter who is a fair young damsel of beauty
“ wond’rous striking,

“ To whom all the young men who know her have ta-
“ ken a prodigious liking ;

“ And should I presume on a matter of such importance
“ to speak,

“ Heav’n knows if it might not cost me my curacy, and
“ a good dinner twice a week.—

“ Therefore, Miss, tho’ I heartily wish to oblige you,
“ hope you will not be offender’.”—

So I rose up, and took my leave of him, as soon as his
speech was ended;

And then walk’d home meditating upon my unfortunate
situation ;

And could scarce eat a morsel of dinner for anger and
vexation—

At last I began to comfort myself that something might
be contriv’d soon

With Miss TABITHA BACKBITE, who had promis’d to
drink tea with me that afternoon.—

So when she came in, “ La! my dear,” says she,
“ what makes you look so melancholy? —

“ Some rude monster, I warrant, has been polluting
“ your sight with his glances unholy—

“ Well! never was the world at such a pass as ’tis now,
“ that’s *fartin*.”—

“ Nay,” said I, “ my dear, but that is not the cause
“ of my *misfartin*.—

" 'Tis worfe than all that. — So then I began to tell
her the story,
And related all the particulars I have juſt laid be-
fore ye.
And after I had told her ev'ry thing, and we had laid
our heads together about it,
" My dear," ſays ſhe, " I have juſt thought of a ſcheme
" which will ſucceed, never doubt it ;—
" Suppoſe you petition the biſhops, who, you know,
" being men of *virtue* and gravity,
" Will certainly take notice of it, and put a ſtop to
" ſuch monſtrous depravity."
" La ! my dear TABITHA," ſays I, " how clever you
" are at invention !
" Well, I vow, 'tis the beſt ſcheme—depend on it, I'll
" do as you mention."
So as ſoon as ſhe was gone, I fetch'd pen, ink, and
paper, and ſat me down coolly,
To ſtate the whole affair from beginning to end, juſtly
and truly.—
And now having told you all about it, I come to the
concluſion,
Which is, *imprimis*, to prevent all future diſturbance
and confuſion,
I beg of your Reverend Lordſhips to take the matter
into conſideration,
And that no pious perſons may hereafter be diſturb'd
in their meditation.

To

To give orders to all parsons, churchwardens, and
 beadies, both in country and city,
 That whenever any of those girls whom the fellows
 call "*pretty*,"
 Shall offer to come to the church doors, they shall be
 refus'd admiffion.—
 And this, I'm fure, every body will agree with one is no
 unjust petition,
 As it is well known they do nothing but make merriment
 and jokes,
 And that all the use of their coming is to laugh at
various folks.—
 And now, if your pious Lordships will but grant her
 request,
 Your humble petitioner shall once more be at rest ;
 And having got the better of her affronts and misfortunes
 every Church-day,
 Shall, as in duty bound, with her usual devotion ever
 pray.—

W. V. M.

S E N S I B I L I T Y.

—————"Mollissima corda
 "Humano generi dare se Natura fatetur
 "Quæ lacrymas dedit."————— JUVENAL.

WHY was I born a wretch of human kind?—
 Of all the flow'rs a briar still wounds the rose;
 And not a luxury courts th' ingenuous mind,
 But woe comes mingled, and the cup o'erflows.—

Painful the purchase to the princely born
 The luscious banquet, and the chair of state;
 Around whilst myriads foodless and forlorn
 Implore a morsel to prolong their fate.

Nor vainly by the warrior's clashing car
 Their small still voice the tender passions try,
 The blood will cool, and cease the rage of war,
 And leave the victor victim of a sigh!—

Where'er proud commerce rolls her golden tide,
 In painful pomp the sons of wealth recline;
 The voice of nature saddens all their pride,
 "Ah! pity the poor savage in the mine!"—

Warm

Warm in the rural labours of the morn,
 Hill, brake, and stream the bounding steed defies;
 What rapture in the sound of hounds and horn!—
 —What pleasure that a harmless creature dies!—

Prepare the canvas, and attune the lyre,
 Ye fond enthusiasts at the shrine of taste!
 Ye, whom the beauteous and sublime inspire!—
 And lo!—MESSINA's melancholy waste!—

Why was I born a wretch of human kind?—
 Of all the flow'rs a briar still wounds the rose;
 And not a luxury courts th' ingenuous mind,
 But woe comes mingled, and the cup o'erflows.—

S. C

M E T H O D I S M,

A S A T R I C P O E M,

N E A R where St. LUKE's and BETHLEM's maniae
train

With rival bellow stun the neighb'ring plain,
In fullen state a groveling structure lies,
Whence either dungeon draws it's sure supplies.
Here WHITFIELD faints with pious madness rave,
Damn all the virtues—all the vices save—
Pou'd from the stews, or freed by Newgate keys,
Or *Drury nuns*—or *Tyburn devotees*,
Impures who groan, or purer wights who bawl,
The easy door alike retires to all—
Here all convene—and preach (a junction odd!)
The *works of Satan*, and the *word of God*.

Here eager to repair, each sabbath morn,
At six good RALPHO leaves his trull forlorn:
Studious adorns him for the day—elate
With the bright prospect of—a *loaded plate*.
His hat he brushes with a greasy skirt,
Rubs his grim'd hands, and turns his *week-worn shirt*.
With pious care, his locks profane he clears
From o'er the *hallow'd* oval of his ears;

And

And trembling ties his band, his conscious mind
 Prefaging *bandage* of a *different kind*;
 Then grasps his Bible—while his breast receives
 The *stol'n bank-note* ~~that~~ *lurk'd amid the leaves*.

When thus equipp'd, with upright step and quick,
 Proceeds th' apostle of the lane of Chick.
 And in his way (the end will sure excuse)
 Steals but a handkerchief—for *pulpit use*.

The dome attain'd, the holy man ascends
 The lofty desk, while each around him bends.
 The book of truth he then presumes to rear,
 And roars as he would *bully* heav'n to hear;
 In one continued string prayer follows prayer,
 As ribbon flows from jugglers at a fair.
 His matins ended, he, with lifted hands,
 Silent awhile in mock devotion stands;
 Thrice to his mouth the pilfer'd rag applied,
 He waves his head, and turns on every side;
 Strains a long ghostly groan—sighs deep—and then
 Loud claps his hands—and sighs—and groans again.
 All purse their mouths, and lengthen out their chins;
 In whispering whine the wond'rous man begins!
 “ Guide me, sweet Lord ! to find some chosen text,
 “ To chear my flock by SATAN's wiles perplex;
 “ Much by the fiend APOLLYON are they torn,
 “ And hard the *trials* they (poor souls !) have borne :

D 4

“ Then

"Then guide my searches, Lord, to such a part
 "May snatch them e'en from SATAN's very cart :
 "Thy power inspires."--Each, wondering, views his zeal,
 Anxious what inspiration may reveal.—

And lo ! he reads, with matchless pow'r of face,
 Where the leaf folded marks the destin'd place.—

The text dispatch'd, he gains his fav'rite note,
 And bellows with stentorian strength of throat.
 He starts—he stamps—his fists resounding fall—
 "Grace ! Grace ! Grace ! Grace !"——*for Grace be well
 may call !—*

Well may he preach the wond'rous pow'r of grace,
 Escap'd the fortune challeng'd by his face.—

In each lame sentence some cant term he drags,
 "Sin's bare backside—Faith's robes—and Virtue's rags"
 From scripture text he proves (oh strange to tell !)
 That each *good man* must surely broil in hell ;
 Vain is the hope on Virtue's wings to rise—
 Who fill his plate alone shall gain the skies ;
 To such alone he opes heav'n's golden doors,
Hymn-singing thieves, and Amen-squeaking whores :
 Rul'd by his purse, those sacred doors he shows,
Open when that's *fill'd*, but when that's *empty, close*.

He warns whose soul is rack'd with secret guile,
 To roast his henroost, and his gammons boil ;
 To call his pastor, bring his bottle in—
 So shall each *bumper* wash away a *sin*.—

But

But ah! what ills adventrous wretches meet,
 Who dare to *sin*, and yet deny to *treat*!
 Should there be such among his *hallow'd train*,
 Who dare th' *atoning sacrifice* refrain,
 Alas! "how lost the sheep! how void of grace"—
 Stern RALPHO fronts them with a judgement face;
 Instant damnation their foul guilt requires,
 Hell! Hell! for such, prepares its hottest fires!
 'Till, the cause guess'd, th' obedient eye they wink,
 And hell grows cooler as their purses chink.
 So the cur worries thieves with yelping throat,
 'Till some stol'n morsel softens down the note!—

(On different terms, to vice's female race,
 Th' apostle holds "the saving rope of grace."—
 His *first* command—"when doubts and fears molest,
 Invite your priest to ease your anxious breast."—
Second—"your chambers for th' event prepare"—
Third—"deck your person with the nicest care"—
 And *fourth*—"provide lest interruption rude
 Dare on our hallow'd privacy intrude"—
 Conform to these, and soon thy priest shall find
 A holy cordial for thy troubled mind).
 —But now he sums up all, with strict command
 To build a chapel each should lend his hand;
 Whate'er the gift, 'twill furnish with a stick,
 And e'en a halfpenny will *buy a brick*.

The

The rant concluded, each departing squire
 Drops his slow tester in the gaping plate.
 Earn'd by a punk, or pilfer'd by a knave,
 The dupe, who gives, the gift shall surely save.—

INIQUO feels such golden hopes allure,
 And cuts a purse—to make salvation sure.—

AVARO too, who hoards up every groat,
 Owns, heav'n for *sixpence* is not *dearly* bought,
 And drops the purchase with a heart so glad,
 He ne'er observes (good man!) the piece is *bad*.---

LIBIDO next the clattering show'r renews,
 Earliest at prayer, as earliest at the stews,
 Scrup'lous to buy—oh! piety immense!---

Punks with his *gold*, and *heaven* with weighty *pence*.---

—This morn an orphan ask'd USURIO's mite,
 Driv'n from his roof, and plunder'd of his right;
 He spurn'd the kneeling suppliant from the door,
 Who droop'd his head, and never rais'd it more;
 Yet now USURIO gives with free accord,

And, tho' he starves his *creatures*, pays the *Lord*.—

FURTIVO next—for nimble hands renown'd,
 Whom every neighbour WATCH-*less* stands around,
 He drops his piece, and (wond'rous to relate)
 Draws his hand *seven times* richer from the plate.

Yet *good* FURTIVO acts on Scripture ground,
 As the sage Saint can passing well expound—

For

FOR MATTHEW broach'd it for a rule of old,
Who gave to Heav'n should have his mite *sevenfold*.

The antique Spinsters now flock out in swarms,
Whom the high blood of rampant fifty wars,
Each peeping from her fan with spotted face,
The blooming junto stalk in solemn pace :
Their pointing fingers, much with snuff imbrown'd,
Mark out for slander all their sisters round ;
And whisp'ring oft with tumult shrill and long,
They laugh or hiss frail fair-ones from the throng.—
—PRISCILLA chief—of all the zealous crowd,
Her groan most piteous, and her hymn most loud ;
Strict to attend at prayers she never mist,
Fraught with the hope—to gain the brawny priest—
For this she now plays off her every wile,
Squints a soft glance, and strains a sugar'd smile ;
Curt'fying profound before the pastor stops ;
And in the plate a double offering drops.
Thy pious end, PRISCILLA ! may'st thou gain ;
Compassion views thy lot severe with pain ;
Of *seven* thou honour'st with a father's name,
To marriage rites *not one* admits thy claim——

And now NUMELLA swells the priestly flock,
Most ag'd, most honour'd *matron* of the flock !
Who e'er (perchance her hearing is not found)
Begins her hymn when all have ceas'd around :

This morn devotion took so high a flight,
 Her *left hand* knew not what employ'd her *right*,
 And while *the one* veil'd pious tears from view,
 It's *sister* pass'd th' adult'rous billet-doux—

FLIRTILLA now—our priest's peculiar care,
 Who just has giv'n her easy spouse an heir;
Three months have seen the wond'rous dame a bride,
 And *ten* have seen our holy priest her guide;
 To *him* she owes each blessing of her life, *]*
 Made in succession *mother, saint, and wife.*

GINESSA next succeeds, of aspect *bright*;
 But envious SATAN owes the dame a spite.—
 Enrapt in maudlin Muse, her hand bestows
 The drain'd reserver of her morning dose.
 The dame convicted by so clear a proof,
 One general burst of laughter shakes the roof:
 Surpris'd, abash'd, she staggers from the door—
 The crowd pursue—and each forgets his score.—
 The hapless dame by circling ranks inclos'd,
 By elbows rude on every side oppos'd;
 Collects her senses, and attacks the throng
 With all the sevenfold vengeance of her tongue.
 Oaths and abuse in ample floods she pours;
 But ah! in vain she wastes her ample stores,
 In vain her tongue, in vain her fists oppose,
 Still the throng thickens, and the tumult grows:

While

While thus the grave disciple in distress,
Not lighter griefs the pastor's self depress ;
While his flock pass with careless haste the gate,
Nor drop a single tester in his plate :
His golden prospects lost, with many a curse
He loads the author of the dire reverse :
Then, stretching out his neck, he roars aloud,
And hurls damnation on the distant croud ;
Prays on their heads all EGYPT'S plagues may fall,
And, as they run, *Hell gape and swallow all.*
'Till, tir'd his ample powers of throat to waste,
He grasps the thin-lin'd plate with wrathful haste ;
And, muttering dire resolves and deep laments,
In leathern bag secures its scant contents.
Then o'er the plain he bends his steps along,
And meets the dame just quitted by the throng ;
The holy master of the glass-crown'd dome
First takes her purse, and then—conducts her home :
With *holy kisses* there her tears he dries,
And in the *Christian* task his *own* affliction flies.

W. B. P.

S O N G.

S O N G.

O H! Fancy, thou, whose magic power
Adds to the silence of the grove,
The citron breeze that sweeps the bower,
The joys of friendship and of love---

Say, does not this your power evade,
And does not this your art defy,
To paint more pure, more fair the maid,
That wakes this lyre, and calls this sigh?---

A. P.

SONG

S O N G .

MY DELIA was all my delight,
But she shuns me, and why do I sigh?
She flies like a fawn from my sight,
Yet I follow, and cannot tell why.

The beauties of DELIA's mind
Ah! shepherds, you cannot compare;
But the fairest of features combin'd—
And I lov'd her because she was fair.

They say that a wealthier swain,
That PALEMON has charm'd her away—
PALEMON's the pride of the plain,
Or I could not believe what they say.

Why did not the Graces attire,
The little Loves lend me their aid?—
Or why was I doom'd to admire
So lovely, so graceful a maid?—

S. C -----

H O P E .

H O P E.

A N O D E.

I.

A GAIN my Muse essays to sing,
 Again she waves her drooping wing;
 Long had she hid her from my sight,
 No beam illum'd the mental night;
 Sunk in deep gloom, to adverse scenes confin'd,
 Possess'd by anxious cares my darksome mind.

II.

Heavy the moments roll'd along,
 Unhear'd by mirth, by dance or song;
 'Till HOPE extends her snowy hand,
 (Auspicious queen with aspect bland!)
 She bids the Muse again her task renew,
 And paint the beauties she reveals to view.

III.

The Muse the glad command obeys;
 See! quick her pencil prospects raise!
 See! far the rising brightness spread!
 Reviv'd I lift my languid head,
 I feel returning life thro' all my powers,
 And, flush'd with hope, expect serener hours.

III. When

IV.

When I shall reach my lov'd retreat,
My long-divided friends shall meet,
And taste again with dear delight
The social day, the peaceful night,
Traverse again my walks, again repeat
The careless ramble, holding "converse sweet."

V

Is there such joy in store for me?
And shall I those blest moments see?
Sweet solace to the painful heart!
Which friendship only can impart,
Fair source of joy, and friend to human kind,
Hope! thou sweet soother of the troubled mind!

VI.

Enlivening power! how dire the grief
To which thy hand gives no relief,
Here still abide, here fix thy rest,
And hush with calm delight my breast!
Drive far away the glooms of black despair,
And bid soft peace and joy inhabit there.

E

VII. While

VII.

While earth's fleet pleasures fade away,
The glories paint of endless day :
Quit me not ! Angel !—to the end,
The verge of life, my steps befriend ;
Chear'd by thy presence to my latest breath,
Sweet peace shall bless my life, and joy shall crown my
death.

W. D.

SONG.

S O N G.

WHENE'ER, enrapt with fond amaze,
On lovely Amoret I gaze,
A thousand beauties strike the sight,
A thousand charms my heart delight.

In other nymphs some partial grace
With cool applause perhaps I trace ;
One tries with winning smiles to charm,
With accents soft my breast to warm.

See one attract with mien so gay,
The rose another's cheeks display ;
Another boasts her auburn hair,
Her sparkling eye, or bosom fair.—

I grant ye, all your charms impart,
But ah ! too weak to share my heart—
For see with smiling artless glance
My lovelier AMORET advance.—

In her, each native grace divine,
Your single boast, united shine,
The blooming tint, the auburn hair,
The sparkling eye, the bosom fair.—

In vain each beauty you display,
To her I speed my rapt'rous way,
In her behold your scatter'd rays
Shine forth in one concentred blaze.

So when a single flower we view
Cull'd from the garden's varied hue,
Ere yet the fading charm expire,
We faintly, or a time, admire.

But when the rich parterre we gain,
No more the flighted gift retain;
Enraptur'd hail the pleasing change,
And o'er the gay profusion range.—

W. V. M.

On reading Dr. BEATTIE's HERMIT*.

" **A** H! when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn!
 " Or when shall day dawn on the night of
 the grave?"

A sage to set evening continued to mourn,
 On the side of a hill, at the mouth of his cave;
 'Till thro' the tall forest the Zephyrs that breathe,
 The nightingale's song on the neighbouring spray,
 The torrent that murmur'd his grotto beneath;
 Soft slumber impos'd 'till the dawn of the day,

'Twas rapture that rose on his mind as he 'woke,
 He sung, and the nightingale ceas'd to complain—
 Each gloomy idea his bosom forsook—
 The lark's lofty notes were attun'd his strain.
 "'Tis day! and the prospect is dreary no more,
 " The shadows of night that envelop'd the view
 " Are fled, and the skies to religion restore
 " A pledge that the morning of life shall renew."

S. C.-----

* The author of this slight addition had not previously read a late edition, in which the original gloomy tendency was very elegantly obviated.

MADRIGAL.

STREPHON, learn to scorn your pain,
Leave the girl you love in vain;
Learn your slighted Love to smother,
DELIA's heart regards another.

Let not HOPE's delusive art
Feed the flame corrodes your heart;
Spurn with generous pride your chain,
FALSEHOOD e'er should meet disdain.

Fly these Love-recording rills,
Court the fair on distant hills;
Still if idle Love detain,
Rivals shall insult your pain.

A. P.

SONG.

S O N G.

BE mine the lovely maid whose heart
Can move without the springs of art;
Too kind and generous to conceal
What sympathy has taught to feel.

With sober judgement to discern
Where Love or lawless passions burn;
With steady virtue to despise
The fiend in Love's too fair disguise.

For Truth's too modest and too meek
To raise a blush on Beauty's cheek,
To breathe a wish in Virtue's ear,
Surrounding angels might not hear.

S. C.....

SONNET

SONNET to Dr. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON! whose art instructs the Poet's lyre,
My Muse enraptur'd hails thy splendid page,
Where ev'ry beauty, ev'ry grace conspire,
And lofty Genius mix'd with Judgement sage.

Still may that Judgement guide the improving age,
That Genius still its noblest efforts raise;
So shall no scribler urge the critic's rage,
No tuneful Muse e'er mourn neglected lays.

In vain would sons of Envy mock thy power,
The fame they seek despise with wayward pride;
From thee they gain the flutter of an hour,
But for thy rays that little hour deny'd:
As planets to that Sun their lustre owe,
Whose blaze obscures the beam their borrow'd lights
bestow.

W. V. M.

I M P R O M P T U.

To PETER PINDAR, the Author of LYRIC ODE,
1782, addressed to the Royal ACADEMICIANS.

In the Measure of his own Stanza.

I Grant thee, PETER—'tis thy due—
There's sometimes truth and humour too
In what thy Lyric Muse is pleas'd to tell us—
But is she not the brat of spleen?
For thou art out and we are in—
The fire burns foul if Envy blow the bellows.

S. C

F

NIL

NIL ADMIRARI, &c.

THRICE happy he, whose constant soul
 Nor hopes misguide, nor cares controul;
 Him as no vulgar aims invite,
 No vulgar dangers e'er affright.—
 And what are *you*, with curious eye,
 Admire you know not who or why,
 Smile on the diamond's orient blaze,
 Nor ask of Nature whence its rays?—
 Know, the gay thing that tempts your view
 Is dirt, vile dirt, as vile as you!
 Such dirt dispos'd in various forms,
 Are systems, planets, Cæsars, worms.
 —When earthquakes rend, and tempests roar,
 And seas supplant the sinking shore,
 Why from the weak convulsion start?
 —'Tis only Nature lets - - - - .

S. C. - - - - -



